Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
Sharkt vp a sight of lawlesse Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise,
That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
Ile crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happly foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus.*

2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*

Hor. Tis heere.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti-
call, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelmorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The strauagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present obiect made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes, *strikes*
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleeue it:
But see the Sunne in russet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?

Marc. Let's doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis, and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.

King Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*,
Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,
Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.

Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.

King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewel.
And now *Leartes*, what's the news with you?
You said you had a sute what i'st *Leartes*?

Lea. My gratious Lord, your fauorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,